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V E R S E S

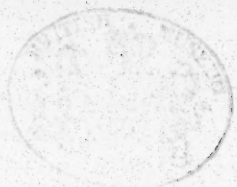
TO THE

M E M O R Y

O F

Mrs. *ELIZABETH FRANKLAND.*

39.
4. 13.
139.



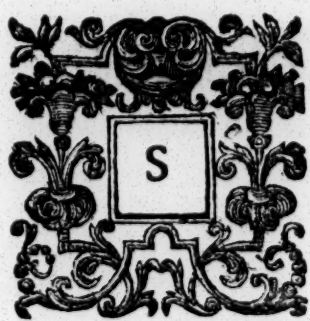
V E R S E S

T O T H E

M E M M O R Y

O F

Mrs. E L I Z A B E T H F R A N K L A N D .



I L E N C E, ye plaintiff Instruments of
Woe!

Ye bubbling Fonts of Sorrow, cease to
Flow!

O much lamented, honour'd Maid, too long
The Friend's sad Sigh has check'd the Poet's Song:
While each full Heart is anxious to recite,
And place thy Virtues in an equal Light,

A 2

Shall

Shall I alone sit silent in thy Praise,
 Nor deck thy hallow'd Urn with grateful Lays?
 No, languid as it is, I'll touch the Lyre,
 Nor shall fond Tears quite damp *Apollo's* Fire.

Thro' all the various Scenes the Muses rove,
 The peopled Town, or the sequester'd Grove,
 Amidst the Silvan Choir, or Courtly Throng,
 They ne'er found one so worthy of their Song;
 Never such Youth with so much Prudence join'd,
 Never so tender, yet so firm a Mind:
 Such gentle Manners, such refin'd Good-Sense!
 Grave without Frowns, and gay without Offence!
 A Form adorn'd with ev'ry pleasing Grace,
 A Soul where ev'ry Virtue held a Place:
 The Vestal's Purity, without her Pride;
 The Court's high Breeding, not as there apply'd;
 Judgment with Candor, Wit which ne'er revil'd,
 Zeal cloath'd with Meekness, Piety which smil'd.

No Window to her Bosom did we need,
 The Goodness there appear'd in ev'ry Deed;
 In ev'ry Look, in ev'ry Smile was seen
 The Innocence and Peace that reign'd within.

But what avail'd, O amiable Shade!
 The Force of Virtue, or Devotion's Aid;
 Or what avail'd a Temp'rance so severe,
 Or what, alas! the watchful Parent's Care?
 When those who riot on from Day to Day,
 And fearless tread the broad voluptuous Way,
 In Health and Splendor lengthen out their Span,
 Grow gray in Vice, and die without a Pang;
 Whilst Thou, fair Flow'r! wert blasted in thy Prime,
 And scarce enjoy'dst the Morning of thy Time.
 For what were all those bright Perfections given?
 For what! ---- To make her *earlier ripe* for Heaven.
 Tho' few her Hours, yet perfect was her Day,
 Tho' short her Sun, yet doubly bright the Ray.

Greatly

Greatly Inspir'd, Life's golden Prize she won
At Years when few, too few! begin to run.

Look round the fashionable World, and see
The Wealthy, Fair, and Young --- all these was She;
Mark how the pretty Triflers waste their Days,
Toiling to *kill* each Hour a thousand ways:
See to and fro in *different* Paths they run,
Tho' *all* still *meet* at last to be undone.
One *this way* eagerly pursues the Game,
Whilst one flies *that way*, tho' they *hunt* the *same*:
All stand astonish'd at each other's Choice,
All at each other's vanquish'd Aims rejoice;
Hourly from Hope to Hope deliver'd o'er,
And hourly disappointed as before:
Ev'n *now* they loath what they but now begun,
And, what they just now wish'd, now wish undone:
Of their *Chief Good* most *fatally* possess,
They're --- *what*? --- Quite ruin'd at their own Request.

The Joys of *Riches* from the Miser know :
 What's made no Use of, can no Joys bestow.
 Ask the Voluptuous, then, he spares no Cost:
 He, with a Sigh, replies, his *Palate's lost*.
 But nobler Ends th' Ambitious have in view,
 'Tis Godlike to be great! Alas, how few
 Are *Great* and *Godlike* both ---- Pow'r, I must own,
 When fix'd in righteous Hands, exalts the Throne;
 As Honour's Plumes, when plac'd on high Desert,
 Something that's Shining and Sublime impart:
 But O, how anxious is that lofty State!
 How tofs'd, disturb'd, and envy'd are the Great!
 Well, *Knowledge* then --- *What's that?* -- the fatal Fruit,
 Which first made Man joint Tenant with the Brute:
 What is it but a feeble Glow-worm Gleam,
 Which proves us meerer *Reptiles* than we seem;
 And all we Profit by the short-liv'd Spark,
 Is but to see how much we're in the Dark.
 With Toil 'tis purchas'd, and with Toil 'tis kept,
 Scarce hail'd its Meeting, ere its Parting's wept;

Nor

Nor can at best the Phantom ought avail,
 Save add some Words to an insipid Tale:
 For learn this Truth, a mighty Diff'rence lies,
 Vain Man! between *to Know*, and *to be Wise*:
 Yet, strange! how many with the Vapour fir'd,
 Run mad themselves, to be by Fools admir'd.

Come then, and ask where *Happiness* is found,
 'Tis not in me, cries Wealth with Titles crown'd;
 'Tis not in me, the World reluctant cries;
 'Tis not in me, proud Science griev'd replies.
 Thus wild they run Life's giddy Race about,
 No *Goal* in view, no proper *Course* mark'd out;
 A Scene of Vice, of Vanity, and Toil,
 Of lifeless Leisure, or of fruitless Coil.
 Employ'd in Scandal, Politicks, or Play,
 In *Dancing*, or in *dreaming* Life away:
 Some absent *Idol* still in View ---- *Ay, this*
Give us, they cry, *and 'twill compleat our Bliss*:

'Tis

Tis granted ---- but alas! delusive Thought,
 The distant *Goddeſs* is a *Cloud* when caught.
 Save Virtue, each Expedient try'd in vain,
 Save Virtue, each Expedient try'd again;
 Plung'd always, or in plain, or gilded Woe,
 Wretched, alike, in all they act or know,
 Lo! trembling they behold their Ruin near,
 Lo! the dark Chambers of the Grave appear,
 The End of all they hope, the Birth of all they fear. }

Not ſo, *Good Spirit*! were thy Powers employ'd,
 Not ſo thy precious Talents were deſtroy'd;
 Thy Life's ſole Joy was but falſe Joys to fly,
 Thy Life's ſole Buſineſs but to learn to die.
 Each Pleaſure tax'd for Bounty's juſt Supplies,
 Each Paſſion blinded to give Reaſon Eyes.
 Yet nothing rigid or moroſe was ſeen,
 But all was *free* without, as all was *fair* within.
 Conſcious, ſweet Numbers and ſweet Sounds combin'd,
 To nobler Meditations fire the Mind,

For this she tun'd her lovely Voice to sing,
 And wak'd to Harmony the trembling String;
 For this the Joy-fraught Page she'd oft' peruse,
 And deign to smile on the deserted Muse.

But hark! she's call'd -- Heav'n claims her for its own.
 No --- first one more bright Virtue must be shewn
 She cries ---- *Patience*, that kindest Gift of Heaven,
 That only Balm for Fate's corroding Leaven;
 Patience which lengthens Hope, and lightens Fear,
 And makes us bravely scorn the Ills we bear;
 Lifts us above Misfortune, Care, and Pain,
 And Life's rough Journey helps us to sustain.
 Learn all from me the Succours it bestows,
 Ev'n in the last Extremity of Woes;
 Whilst meagre *Phthisis* preys upon my Breast,
 With a dead Weight my feeble Limbs oppress;
 Whilst struggling *Coughs* my tender Bosom rend,
 And scorching *Hæticks* ev'ry Vein distend;

Whilst

Whilst Clay-cold Damps bedew my Body o'er,
 And Life steals painful out at ev'ry Pore;
 By *Patience* prop'd, the bitter Load I bear,
 Without a Sigh, a Murmur, or a Tear;
 Unmov'd endure the cruel Scourge of Pain,
 Whilst baffled *Medicine* tries its Art in vain:
 Ev'n now, when Fate and Nature are at Strife,
 In these last Struggles of desponding Life,
 She soothes each *Pang*, helps each *convulsive Breath*,
 And gently smooths the Iron Hand of Death.
 She said --- when Death cut short th' instructive Tale,
 Conscious should such Almighty Truths prevail,
 Mankind his Bugbear Terrors would defy,
 Pleas'd, as prepar'd, alike to sleep or die.

Hail, spotless Shade! with noblest Honours blest'd,
 With *Patience* crown'd, in white-rob'd Virtue drest;
 Go seek and prove thy kindred Realms above,
 Seats, like thy Breast, of Harmony and Love.

And

And Ye, good GUARDIANS of a Charge so good,
 O cease to grieve, Heav'n must not be withstood;
 Weep not for Her --- lo! all her Labours o'er,
 Happy, O happy! on the Heav'nly Shore;
 There where no Moths corrupt, no Thieves infest,
 In endless Sunshine, and in endless Rest;
 Gayly triumphant, in a blest'd Relief
 From future Chance, from Sicknes, and from Grief;
 Beyond the Reach of Malice, Pow'r, or Pride,
 By Angels greeted, and to Saints ally'd;
 Past Toils with Joy revolving in her Mind,
 Alas! She *pities You* She leaves *behind*.

F I N I S.



